

TENDERFOOT IMPRESSIONS

**Dock Soper's Experiences in Arizona
Given to the Readers of The Sun.**

WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT THE ALTITUDE

**The Sheep Herder and the Mexican Language.
The Atmosphere and Various Other
Things That He Observed.**

The impressions that irritate one's idea foundry when he is surreptitiously dumped down in Arizona from the east are just as easily erased as the wrinkles in the landscape. You might as well try to cancel a healthy boy's appetite for pie or skin loose from a porous plaster without rupturing one of the ten commandments as to attempt to separate yourself from the impressions that are embossed on your mental machinery—they stick like cactus. They leak into your system like sand into a sugar barrel and no one knows how it happened.

"You may flood 'em with booze, or
Bust 'em if you will, but they'll hang
'Round to irritate your old thinker still."

When the air-brakeman thrust his vocabulary box through the car door and expectorated several mouthfuls of Egyptian hieroglyphics at us in a voice that sounded like an overworked carpet-rag ripping bee, I looked out and saw the name of the place on the depot.

Then I knew what he meant.

I got off the train. The proper way to get off a train is to firmly hook your heel on the corner of the second step, then lean over and grab a handful of earth. Never mind your grips. They'll reach you before your down long. There is no especial need of probing the earth with your proboscis. You can't tell who stepped there last, anyhow, and

you probably wouldn't know him if you could. Then, too, a peaked atmosphere receiver is indicative of a dark brown past, caustic companions and boozeferous propensities.

You may get acquainted very quickly if you only take your time about it—and if you don't take great care as to whom you get acquainted with, time is about all you'll have left worth speaking of.

I was soon thoroughly acquainted with a gentleman. I don't remember his particular brand of worship, but I think he was either a highbinder or a mafia. He was very pleasant and smiled every time I spoke of it; in fact, he smiled with a triple X smile that reminded me strangely of an ox-dog when interrupted in his midsummer meal. I asked the gentleman, while he was enthusiastically rendering a verbal veriscope of the tripple-plated and 18-carat climate, if he would take smothering.

He did.

He took my valise and was reaching for my braath just as I drew it in. I learned later that there was no game law in the territory that protects tourists. Whoever scares one up first has the use of him. A great many tourists are used here during the summer months, but the very best of them scarcely last through the winter.

Some people come here for their lungs—I don't know whether they found them or not; I never saw any laying around. If they had come for their gall—well, they'd be just as by off—everybody seems to be using theirs.

I was soon convinced by several fluent talkers that the altitude in Arizona was higher than the same number of feet anywhere else on the continent; the atmosphere is so clear that if a fellow wanted to, and wiped the dust from his eyes, he could look right over into